

His Excellency being "very tired and sleepy," went out for "five minutes" with Col. L. and Capt. H.; they all strayed into a theatre, and were rather longer than five minutes. The Count de Turenne, who was in the hotel, called upon us and remained until his Excellency's return. Bed and sleep.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.—(Voluntary contribution by an unknown friend.)

Even Royal Nibs and Nibbesses, even gallant military gentlemen must live, and we abuse no confidence when we state that the interesting visitors who last night honoured the Palmer House with their presence did condescend to breakfast there this morning; the already brilliant company was rendered still more aristocratic by the presence of the Count de Turenne, a gentleman who entertained the party with moving anecdotes of personal adventure.

The time for departure came; it was easy to see, as the Countess left the House, that she had been in the Hotel of a gallant American, for a lovely bouquet was in her hand, and a basket of splendid fruit was to be smelt somewhere around.

With his usual urbanity his Excellency smiled upon all, and as the carriage bore him to the station he, we have no doubt, carried with him a most profound admiration for Chicago, and for the Palace